

A. H. Palmer
Night and Day

BLUE GRASS BLADE

VOLUME XXIII.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, JUNE 5th 1910.

Number 25.

A LIVING A SOUL

And How to Make It the Fundamental Belief of Majority in One Goes for Naught Problem of Life Since the Human When Weight of Wisdom is With Family Came Into Existence the Minority

(By Channing Severance.)

The fundamental problem of life is how to make a living, and there has never been, any other since the forces of Nature produced the human biped, and he began the endless struggle for existence. Back of this problem most of the crimes find birth for which jails are built, and it has also been a great factor in causing insanity and suicide. Work and worry have worn out and cut short the lives of large numbers of human beings; and enforced idleness, with its attendant melancholy, depression of spirits and general disgust with life, has insured much mental misery and many physical ailments.

The great majority of mankind have always lived in a state of uncertainty, and as the old saying has it, "From hand to mouth." Without houses, or personal property enough to insure them against want if long idle, they have lived and struggled under social conditions that were always unjust, partial and full of privileges for the few. The reason for this is found in the fact that shrewd and selfish men with superior intellects, have made laws and enforced them for personal gain and benefit. Under these laws the greatest of evils have been generated and permitted to flourish; and to such laws alone we trace the great inequalities of wealth and the extremes of poverty and riches.

One of the greatest wrongs that statute laws have connected with our boasted civilization has been and is in the private ownership of land, for it has placed in the hands of a minority of great nature the power to control the majority from owning or having the use of any without paying tribute to them. Land must be included in the natural rights of all men, the same as the air they breathe, for that which is indispensable to life must belong equally to all while here to need it. As it is impossible to get off the earth while living, one must have standing room and a place to make his home, even if he does not till the soil for a living. Yet untold millions are denied this natural right until they have bought and paid for it. How many people who never have a home of their own might have one if not compelled to buy the land on which to build a habitation of some kind? In all cities there are thousands of vacant lots which the owners do not live on and never intend to use; and yet, through the unjust statute laws, they prevent those who would gladly make homes thereon from so doing, because they are unable to pay the price demanded. Such things are a disgrace to civilization, and should be denounced and condemned until such a damnable wrong is abolished. There can be no such thing as equal opportunities in this world while private ownership of land exists, and no person should be allowed to control or monopolize one foot of land that he does not use or occupy; and the establishment of such a condition in society would do more to remove poverty and lessen crime than any other one thing.

Again, the monopoly of natural resources, with the wage system to compel the worker to give his employer the largest part of his productions, is another grievous wrong and an additional cause of poverty and crime. Statute laws which uphold these things and make them possible

are what Socialism is trying to change and destroy. So when I see certain Free thinkers jumping onto Socialism, and denouncing Socialists as fools or crazy mortals, I can but think that facts in large numbers go to prove they rightly deserve the appellations they apply to Socialists. These flip throwers of invectives and words that embody nothing but general condemnation of Socialism, have no definite and well-defined objections to offer; and they avoid details in condemning it as they throw out their opposition, cheap wit and unreasonable statements. They know as well as anybody how rotten corrupt, and unjust our social and industrial conditions are, and yet they jump into the path of progress to fight Socialism without presenting any remedy for existing evils, or giving the basic principles of Socialism serious consideration. Socialism would destroy private ownership in land, and give every one equal opportunity to possess it. If such a thing would be wrong, why don't they jump onto this feature of Socialism and show wherein

A co-operative commonwealth where monopolies are abolished, and the producer of wealth gets it instead of some captain of industry, like Carnegie, Morgan and Rockefeller, is also the object and the aim of Socialism. If such a thing is wrong, why don't the opposition show wherein, if able, these two things embody the main part of Socialism, and if any one is disposed to fight it, they must fight to prevent the abolition of the private ownership of land and the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth.

Are they prepared to do this? If so, why don't they, and reveal their assumed superiority in logic and arguments. Either we have reached the limit of progress or we have not, but the opponents of Socialism seem to think we have, for they have no improvement to offer on the present system, and are doing nothing except to sneer and fight with invectives those who are trying to push the world along. We are told by these wiseacres that human nature must be changed before Socialism is possible. In other words, before land monopoly and the profit-system can be abolished, some radical change must take place in mortal man as he now exists. Having made the assertion, it is up to the opponents of Socialism to demonstrate why and wherein. Let them proceed to do so, that we may be enlightened by their superior wisdom.

Personally, I can see nothing in my nature to change before I could enjoy the privilege of being an unemployed piece of land without paying for it, and making a home thereon; and I am troubled to discover any necessity for a change that would have to occur before I could accept and make use of the entire product of my labor. I am not getting it now, but not because I do not want it, but because the system we live under will not permit me to have it. So this talk about changing human nature before the great principles of Socialism can be established is the weakest and most senseless argument that was ever used against it.

Socialism is pure democracy, the only rational method yet discovered or advocated that would give equal opportunities to all men in the struggle for existence. It has no stronger opponent

than the Roman Catholic Church, which has always been on the side of despotism and oppression; and every orthodox Protestant church hates it just as badly. These facts are worth considering, for we have the record of both churches, and we know the reason they oppose Socialism is because they see what it would do if established. Both of these churches are unequal conditions; both want the masses held in subjection by poverty and ignorance; and when we see Free thinkers joining with them to oppose a world-wide movement that is sweeping on with surprising force and rapidly when past changes in systems and governments are considered, it looks queer to say the least.

Of all men, the Free thinker should be in favor of progress, of new ideas and methods that will increase human comfort and happiness, and he should be the first to welcome a departure from old and worn-out customs that work evil and injustice. But prejudice is a human characteristic, and none of us are free from it at times, and in this case it seems to be playing an active part; for enlightened self-interest should draw thinking men to Socialism by the great inducements it offers. We all know that the concentration of wealth, which has always carried with it the abuse of political power, has caused the downfall of every nation recorded in history, and never since his story was written has wealth concentrated so rapidly as here in the United States since the Civil War. From two millionaires at that time, we now have so many we cannot keep track of them, and the extremes between the rich and the poor are widening daily. It is therefore safe to say that if some radical change comes not in the near future, our doom as a nation is sure to be that of those nations Volney wrote about in his "Ruins of Empires," for under existing conditions this government is as sure to become an empire as the flight of time is to continue; and then ultimate results can be foreseen by simply reviewing history.

There are only two things now being advocated by thinking men that can prevent this—Socialism and Anarchy. The first would improve all the government and make it for the first time in history a pure democracy; the second would bring chaos and confusion and end in a despotism, with the usual one man power at last.

Socialism is feasible, practical and desirable; anarchy is visionary, impracticable and undesirable, for millions of human beings trying to exist in social relations under the theories of philosophical anarchy (that every one will do right by his associates and practice all the virtues if statute laws are done away with) is the limit of utter nonsense. As people cannot think alike, and do not, abolishing all laws to govern human conduct would surely fail to produce expected results; and disagreements would certainly occur between individuals and communities that would require laws or some kind of rules that could be enforced, to settle them. Society with its millions of members is a complicated affair, and laws of various kinds are needed to insure and preserve liberty for the individual. Nothing before the world in the shape of ideas contains such possibilities for good and beneficial results as Socialism; and the natural trend of general events is in that direc-

(By Otto Wettstein.)

The belief in the dual nature of man is almost universal. Only a comparatively few repudiate this popular belief in spite of its apparent charms and attractiveness. This, however, is no argument in its favor.

Intellect does not increase, even in vast aggregation. As the clear soprano of the prima donna soars far above the sea of voices comprising the chorus, so the colossal intellect of a Humboldt or a Spencer towers far above the uneducated intellect of the uneducated millions of the common people. Therefore, the intellectual produce of thousands or millions of ignoramus can be no greater than the wisdom of one. An intellectual 0 multiplied ad infinitum ever remains 0.

Therefore, the fact that vast majorities believe in an independent spirit or soul, existence goes for naught to prove its reality, especially when we consider the fact that the minority who deny such a theory aggregate more wisdom, knowledge and logical power than those affirming it. Appeal our greatest men of science repudiate the belief, while every plantation dandy and Digger in America fervently believes in flap-jacks and scapls hereafter, the same as here.

This proves that the belief is one of heredity and sentiment, not the result of philosophic research. It is born of the desire to live, of vanity and egotism. Then the church has ever utilized it to sway power and authority. This is has become universally popular, and, therefore, aside from its enticing nature, offers to its devotees fraternity, social influence, votes, money, etc., while all those repudiating it are placed under the ban of social ostracism and persecution.

Considering then the agencies at work to uphold this popular belief it becomes apparent that its denial must be the result of unfeeling honesty and individual research. There is no motive thinkable why any sane man should pronounce himself against it, while yet entertaining such belief; though there are millions of skeptics today still wearing the cloak of piety for policy sake. As long as the church indirectly offers premiums for belief and inflicts penalties for unbelief, the evidence of the few denying the popular belief far outweighs that of the majority against it.

Thus, while all beliefs should be respected, skepticism most of all should be honored, because only purest motives can lead up to it.

We attempt to grasp, analyze and comprehend the idea intended to be conveyed by the word "Soul" or "Spirit," human reason and understanding falls prostrate at our feet, and latest scientific methods are of no avail. If every portion of the human anatomy can be examined, analyzed and duly classified as something NOT a soul, what in the name of reason is the soul? What are its constituents, and can it

tion, as the elose and attentive student of sociology must admit. The fundamental problem of life is yet to be satisfactorily solved, and if Socialism when tried fails to do it, experiments must still continue; but at the present time nothing is seen that bids fair to accomplish so much for the welfare of humanity. So let us give it a fair trial. Los Angeles, Calif.

be resolved into its component parts?

What is man? Divested of the physical organism, what remains to shape the form or constitute the organs and nervous system, producing the functions of man? Is not the tout ensemble composed of muscle and nerve necessary to make him a man? Could a man be a man, and all it implies, without flesh, blood, bone, stomach, lungs or brain? Can we think of a man without them or of a man existing now, who as yet is not conceived and born? Can a man be a man before he is a man? If not, how can a man still exist when every particle which made him a man has been laid under the sod and has been absorbed by soil, plants, fluids and air?

I before me is a fly. Apparently it is happy and enjoys its short existence. It, no doubt, thinks, feels, has sensations, etc. But now I have crushed it. Nothing is left but a small speck of inorganic matter. What has become of the fly, its functions and emotions? The matter composing it will soon combine to produce other forms, leaving not a vestige of the fly—as a fly. Does the sensation of this identical fly or its mind still exist? If so, it is not an effect without a cause—a miracle! I lately saw a man crushed in similar manner.

Body and mind are cause and effect. Before the cause exists there can be no effect. Who has ever dreamed of investing with reality or a name, a spirit or soul of some one, never known to have lived in material form? No one. The body then is the prime factor as the creator of mind or "soul," precisely as it is the creator of individual digestion, respiration and other involuntary processes. So the body enables us to think, reason and remember. These mental functions are effects produced by our brain, senses and nervous system, very similar as respiration is produced by the lungs and heart. They are self-evidently cause and effect, the latter absolutely dependent upon the former. Remove the cause and the effect necessarily vanishes also. We might as well believe a clock can indicate time when shattered to pieces, a locomotive move without steam or cylinders, a piano produce harmony of sound without strings, as to believe that man's mind can be active or exist as an independent soul when the organs producing or causing the mental process are no more.

What is man? A purely physical effect of purely physical causes. Food, blood and bone give him outline, form and weight. The arteries, heart, liver, lungs, etc., are the cause of life. The stomach digests food, the heart forces the blood through his system, the lungs supply him with air. The brain through the medium of the senses and nerves, enables him to think, hear, feel, see, and in connection with the total aggregation of his complex, intricate, magnificent organism, completes a machine which in its totality and perfection only is the source of consciousness and mind. This sum-total, this complete whole, alone, IS MAN. Annihilate him, and his functions, both physical and mental, cease also. Mind is generated by the body as electricity from a battery.

Thus body and mind exist as cause and effect in man, but in lesser degree in the lower brute creation, down to the primeval cell and, may be, in infinitesimal degree in each atom of inorganic matter. But owing to man's superiority, which some brute necessarily must copy, we should not seek to exempt him from the immutable law of nature, which decrees with inexorable authority, that "Dust thou art, and to dust thou must return." "Man has no pre-eminence above the brute." Whatever has a beginning must end, and the material now composing our bodies is needed to secure the eternity and immutability of the universe.

In spite of these self-evident facts, the school of Spiritualists of every time and land affirm that man is an exception to the usual course of nature, and that a miraculous and immortal existence is his destiny. That all this physical perfection is useless and superfluous; that when the once proud and noble man has not as much organic reality as an oyster, that yet the identical man, possessed of identical outline and functions, can exist during all eternity as well with this physical body as with it. God is supposed to be the Creator of man; in fact, man as the crowning work of God, is pointed out in evidence that such a being could not evolve from lower forms; but absolutely necessitated a Creator. Yet, did it ever occur to our friends what a waste of energy it was on the part of God to make man, if during all eternity hereafter we can live precisely as well without this body as with it? What use to endow his children with so much manly dignity and womanly beauty for a few paltry years, if superfluous hereafter?

If spiritualism is true, the startling miracle affords us that nothing—absolutely nothing—possesses identical functions and potencies as the grandest organism ever evolved by nature. Because it is a fact, which cannot be disputed, that each and every particle which composes man is laid under the sod, and nothing remains.

La Grange, Illinois.

CHRISTIAN SECRETS.
(By Norman Murray.)

As I have strong hopes of seeing the Rev. Mr. Whately adorn the Rationalist platform, as he is now, indirectly, materially helping the spread of Rationalistic ideas, quite unintentionally on his part I admit, I am going to give him the pass-words and secrets of Rationalism and Christianity, and show him the gain (not in riches I must admit) but the knowledge of humanity he will acquire by getting out side Christianity and looking at humanity from that standpoint, as I have done for many years.

Though the disadvantages of devoting a good deal of time to learning theories that one must discard in after life, after he discovers the truth, are many, still they are not without profit.

A practical, personal knowledge of Christian experiences is one of the most useful assets that a Rationalist propagandist can have. This experience enables him to see through the delusion that the Christian is under, without accusing him of intentional fraud.

When a man who has been fully possessed with the Christian superstition as I have been at one time, gets outside of it, he finds himself in an entirely new world without moving away from the scene of his former activities. That in itself is no small gain in

(Continued on Page Four.)

BLUE GRASS BLADE

FOUNDED 1884.

By

CHARLES CHILTON MOORE.

and edited by him until his death.
February 7, 1888.



JAMES E. HUGHES - Proprietor
126-128 North Lexington Street,
Lexington, Kentucky.
P. O. Box 292.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, postpaid \$1.00 pr. yr. in advance.
Five yearly subscribers at one re-
mittance \$5.00 each.
Foreign subscribers, postpaid \$1.50
per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, single column, 1 insertion
50 cents; one month, or four insertions
\$1.00; six months \$5.00; one year, \$8.00.
Quarter column, 1 insertion, \$2.00;
one month, \$4.00; six months, \$20.00; one
year, \$30.00.
Half column, whole column, or larger
advertisements at special rates - on ap-
plication.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Blade will
be discontinued at the expiration of the
term for which the subscription has
been paid up in advance. The address
slip on the paper will show subscribers
the date of expiration of subscription.
Back numbers of numbers not carried will
be sent, if asked for upon renewal in
case of discontinuance.

SHOULD ANY SUBSCRIBER change his
name or address, advise this office, giving
old and new address, as desired.
This Office of paid notices of the Blade
is at 126-128 North Lexington street,
Lexington, Kentucky, to which all sub-
scribers will be given a hearty wel-
come.

THE BLADE is entered at the Postoffice
at Lexington, Kentucky, as second-
class mailing matter.

ADDRESSES ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
JAMES E. HUGHES, Box 292, Lexing-
ton, Kentucky.

The Blade urges upon its readers to
contribute articles for its columns. The
post has said "will make a good deal of
pure art, serene the dark, unfathomable
caves of ocean bear," and the same be
true of your mind. Especially do we re-
quest articles from our younger readers.
You may not be a bidder, a Wilson,
Foots, a Land, or a Westcott. Very few
of us are. But you certainly can say
something that will be of interest to your
fellow-workers. These great men had
their beginnings. Let us tell the readers
of the Blade what you are doing and
what you are thinking.

IS THE MIND IMMORTAL?

First let us determine what the
mind is. Is it material or is it
spiritual? The mind like the
body, is capable of growth or de-
velopment. The infant coming
into the world, knows little or
nothing. As soon as its eyes are
open, it begins to look around
and see things and develop ideas.
As its mind grows, it demands
ideas (mental pictures) to de-
velop mind, as well as food to
nourish and build up the body.
The mind is never at rest but is
continually at work constructing
ideas. (Ideas are mental images
that pass through the mind, while
ideas are those ideas that are
cherished or worshiped.) Even
during sleep the mind is as active
as in our waking hours. We may
not remember what passes
through our mind when "sound
asleep" because the brain, like
the other parts of the body, is at
rest, the same as when dead. We
have read where persons have
been, to all appearance, dead for
twenty four hours or more, "sus-
pended animation," and came
back to life and described their
thoughts while in that state; how
they "saw preparations being
made for their funeral, etc.,"
Jesus, no doubt, understood what
death was, when he said, "The
dead is not dead, but sleepeth."
He said of Lazarus, "He sleepeth,
and I go that I may awaken him
out of his sleep." When he got

there, he had been dead four
days, but, when Jesus "cried with
a loud voice," he came forth,
bound hand and foot. Jesus said,
"Loose him and let him go." We
have access to the external world
by our five senses. The eye is the
principal medium by which we
gain all our knowledge, but the
ear is also a medium of acquiring
all our ideas of music and the
beauties of harmony is sound.
That these ideas which occupy
the mind, just as furniture, pic-
tures, etc., do in a house, are not
of material substance, like the
grey matter of the brain; is evi-
dent from the fact that they do
not require space as do all ma-
terial substances, for if they did,
a man with a large education
(collection of ideas) would neces-
sarily have a large head in order
to contain it; but such is not the
case. Some of our most learned
men and most fluent speakers
have small heads, and many men
with large heads know but little.
Then, if the mind is not a ma-
terial substance like the brain,
it follows that it is not fed with
material like the body, which is
perishable, and has to be replaced
but it is fed with that which is
indestructible, which has no be-
ginning nor end. "There is no
new thing under the sun" is a
true saying. All the ideas or in-
ventions of men have existed be-
fore, and are only rediscovered.
Truth, manifested in ideas of jus-
tice, love and the ultimate plat-
form of the universe, are eternal,
and the mind stored with the im-
perishable riches of justice, love and
truth, is immortal. This is doubt-
less what Jesus meant, when he
said: "This is the Kingdom of God,
to know God and Jesus Christ
whom he hath sent." The great
truths that he (and other great
reformers have uttered) are the
eternal riches of the mind. "The
words that I speak to you, they
are spirit, they are life."
A. E. WADE.
Chaffee, Mo.

"FREAKS OF FAITH."

Faith, according to the "good
book" (?) is a very valuable
piece of property to possess.
Many wonderful things have
taken place under its influence.
Seas have been dried up or
turned out of their channels.
Running rivers of water
have ceased to flow and the water
rolled on and left a dry path for
the nation of Israelites to cross
over. Great valleys, cities have
been destroyed through faith and
a little mixture of horn touting.
The dry flint rock in the moun-
tain side gave faith a stream of
cool water by the stroke of Moses
rod and faith. By faith the sun
and moon stood still when Joshua
rod and faith. By faith Elijah
shut up the heavens and brought
on a three and a half years
drought during which time thou-
sands of precious souls must have
perished for lack of food and
drink. By faith Elisha cursed a
crowd of little children and had
God to create two special shoe
bears and send them at once to
his rescue and devour forty-two
of these children. By faith ba-
bies have been won and lost. Na-
tions have been mowed down
with the spear and sword. Fathers,
husbands, and brothers have
been murdered through faith.
Wives, mothers, and daughters
have been made victims of cruel-
est debauchery. Women with
children have been ripped up by
the recipients of faith. O, horror,
and yet we are told that not
a shadow of evidence, either his-
torical or scientific remains to-
day to substantiate such claims.
Faith is the only means by
which a sane man or woman can
grasp the doctrine of the bible.
There is no self-evident facts to
prove their integrity. In fact it
self-evident facts could be pro-
duced to establish the doctrines
of the bible as truth that very
few would destroy the basis of
faith.
Men would not be required to
"live by faith" if self-evident
facts are available. They could
consider the facts in the case and
live by sight. If there was a
single undisputable fact, estab-
lishing the immaterial concep-
tion of Jesus, it would be no longer
necessary to rely on faith. Facts
would replace faith. To do this
in the bible story of Jesus
one must do so without a "shade
of a shadow" of evidence, either
natural, scientific, reasonable or

sensible. Faith or belief is its
own evidence.
"Faith is the evidence of things
hoped for and not seen." Faith is
believing a thing without a par-
ticle of evidence and swearing
the thing is so because you be-
lieve it. The kingdom of God is
the only tribunal in the universe
that requires its subjects to be-
lieve without good substantial
evidence.
Coming down to our own time
and generation we are at a loss
to find any trace of the "lost
art," except the old stale reports
and myths of the bible.
I challenge the whole of christi-
andom to produce the evidence
of the possession of the minutest
particle of that which must save
all who are saved. Snakes and
arsonic and poisons of all sorts
lose their deadly properties by a
very light application of faith.
Yet when christians are taken ill
instead of depending upon the
pure "antidote" they call in a
skilled physician. I can see
where they are wise in this but
fail to see their consistency.
If christians were consistent
they would consider the life of
the field and learn a lesson from
them how to live without tilling
or sowing.
To be consistent with the scrip-
tures a christian should hate his
father, mother, brothers and sis-
ters, his wife and even his own
life. Otherwise he cannot "be
my disciple." This is what the
scriptures say and if they don't
mean what they say how in the
name of common sense are we to
know what they mean.
Christ is alleged to have said
that his mission on earth was to
bring a sword or division, to set
the father at variance with the
son, the son against the father
and so with every member of the
family and to tear up domestic
peace in general. If this is true
I do not wonder at his short stay
among civilized people. He ought
to have been put out of the way
sooner, and thus stop the damnable
doctrine which has caused more
sorrow and trouble than all
that put together. The history of
the past ages where faithful fol-
lowers have tried to continue
their master's mission attest the
truthfulness of what I say.
They are facts that all the apolo-
gies in the world cannot erase.
They are menaces in the way of
christianity. Thinking people are
not rushing headlong over the
facts to get into the church. The
church still succeeds in scaring a
few superstitious souls out of hell
fire into heaven (?) but they are
getting fewer every decade. There
is a better way to travel the
rough road of life than to be tor-
mented forever with visions of
devils, demons, hell and domina-
tion with a very slim chance (one
in a million) to escape.
I'm glad that I've found sweet
liberty in doing good wherever
possible without fearing hell and
its imps because I don't believe
all the fables taught by the
church. I'm not worrying over
the subject of a future life. The
present one is all that I can take
care of and in fact it is all the
one that I really know anything
about. There may be one, I don't
know, but I feel sure that the
more pleasant we make this one
the better off we will be now and
through eternity. We need to
get in harmony with nature and
evade every trace of the aged su-
perstition which curses the world
today.
We can't progress and adhere
strictly to the christian doctrine,
because to do so means that every
thought must be brought into
obedience to Christ. There would
be no time to take up with in-
ventions.
Just think of it. All the great
achievements of the different ages
with which our world is made
great, is not the products of the
christian religion. Christians
would have no belief, but just the
reverse. If all the great inven-
ments had complied with the com-
mand to "preach the word" only
they would not have had time to
think over their objects of inven-
tion. So the world has progress-
ed just to that extent, it has de-
parted from the doctrines of the
bible. No more of it for mine.
Pleasure, happiness and the
liberty of man, woman and child
is my ideal in this life and having
done all I can towards the ad-
vancement of these I shall have
nothing to regret when my last
hour arrives.
J. MARSHALL SMITH
Woodlawn, Ala.

IN THE CRISP AND THE GLOW.

In the crisp and the glow of the morn-
ing.
When blue shines the sky overhead,
When the purple and rose of the dawn-
ing.
Across the horizon is spread—
The joy! The day is to be living!
To feel the red blood in one's veins!
Men's heart, in transcendent thank-
sgiving.
Given voice to exultant strains!
In the crisp and the glow of the morn-
ing—
The fresh awakened glow of the day—
All weakness of yesterday morning.
Encouraged, he goes on his way.
The pleasure of daylight and striving!
Of labor for those near and dear!
His breast of its misery striving
In sunlit inspiring and clear.
In the glow of the sun's slow setting—
The crisp of the slow twilight's fall—
With love all his eagerness firing—
Sweet love for home, wife, child—
Man's all!
The joy! The day! Compensation!
His soul soars on love-burdened wings!
No weariness makes the clation
Of heartening home-sonic he sings!
—Laruna W. Sheldon, in New York
Times.

MISUNDERSTOOD.



Lieutenant (showing party of visitors
over battlefield)—This is the
quarter deck.
One of the Party—Gee! I thought
it was all free!

Very Seldom.
You seldom see a mortal wish.
No matter what his labors.
Who doesn't find, in fate's despite,
The time to knock his neighbors.

Another Knock.
The manager came out before the
flightlights with all his nerve and
egotism. "And our leading lady," he
announced in a loud voice, "is a dyed-
in-the-wool actress." The old country
man in the first row had noticed the
peroxide curls of the star. "Hm!" he
remained in a stag whisper. "Sort of
a dyed-in-the-wool actress, too, eh,
Mr. Manager?"

The Producer.
"It must be necessary to have to ask
your husband for money," said the in-
trusive woman.
"I wouldn't think of doing so," re-
plied Mrs. Cramo. "We insist on
family games of bridge, and in that
way avoid being under the slightest
obligations for what he contributes."

Pat Was Ready for Her.
Lady (who has just returned with a
lively rig)—I will never patronize
your stables again. That horse walked
every step of the way.

Pat (celtic assistant)—Yes didn't
expect the hasty to do it, yes,
madam!—National Monthly.

Enough Said.
"Rather a fuzzy move on the part of
Miss Tristram's press agent."
"What was that?"
"He has sent out an announcement
that a well-known jeweler makes all
her costumes."

ACCIDENTAL STEP-MOTHER.



Mrs. Finnegan—Shure, an' th' car
only missed me by about a foot.
Mr. Finnegan—Then had yez gone
a step farther the children would have
had a step-mother.

The Professor.
His hair is long.
His plays quite well
And has a name
Like a college yell.

Indefinite.
"What presence that woman
has."
"Do you mean how she looks or
what she got?"

Contradictory Aspect.
"I have found that Godaby is
leading a double life." "That's singu-
lar."

HOW SHE LOOKED AT IT.

A life-insurance agent was trying
to induce young Mr. Nevermuch to
take out a policy.
"You owe it to your wife to insure.
Then if you die she's provided for."
Mrs. Nevermuch was duly im-
pressed and urged her husband to
carry some insurance.
"Well, dearie," said the hard-
pressed man, "I'll explain this propo-
sition to you. Then if you want me
to take out insurance, I will. It's like
this: If I die soon you will still be
young and good-looking enough to cop
out another bread-winner. And if I
live long enough the premiums on
the insurance would make the pay-
ments on a planola. Which will you
have?"
She decided to take the piano—and
her chances.

Another Yarn.
"And you were once on the tattooed
man in the circus?" said the sym-
pathetic housewife.
"Yes, mum," responded Sandy
Pikes, as he speared a buckwheat
cake with his fork.
"And once you were caught in a
rainstorm and all your colors ran to-
gether? Poor man! Were you out of
a job long?"
"No, indeed, mum. Dat very night
I went around to de melodrama and
got a job as a 'deep dyed villain.'"

Still Inevitable.
"By the way, old man," said the
chronic toucher in lubricated tones,
"you remember that five-spot I bor-
rowed from you last fall?"
"Yes," responded his friend with a
yawn, "and every time I think of that
five-spot I think of the comet."
"That's a queer combination. What's
the similarity?"
"Why, I've been looking for it for
months and haven't seen it yet."

To Take No Chances.
Hamilar—Why in the dickens have
you got that string tied around your
finger?
Absentee—To remind me that I must
have the tooth removed.
Hamilar—But goodness gracious!
Why don't you do as ordinary people,
and have the string tied around your
finger?
Absentee (stiffly)—Because, sir, I
don't care to have my finger removed.

UP TO HIM.



Edith—I told papa that you wanted
to see him the next time you called.
Edward—What did he say?
Edith—He said all right—he wasn't
afraid of you.

The Hookworm.
Who books up his wifery,
And never a sigh
Deserves with the angels
In Heaven to fly.

How He Delivered Them.
"You want a job as driver of the
wagon, eh?" said the grocer to the
raw-looking country youth. "Yes, sir."
"Are you one of these fellows that
can stand and deliver the goods?"
"I can deliver 'em right, mister, but I
always sit down."

Rough on Algy.
"Algy swears he had a brain storm
yesterday."
"Pshaw! I don't believe it."
"Why not?"
"For the same reason that I don't
believe there can be rain where there
is no moisture."

The Main Place.
"Lieutenant Shackleton says he is
determined the British flag shall float
over the Antarctic pole." "Well, the
British are noted for going to the bot-
tom of things, but what does that mat-
ter so long as we are at the top?"

Cupid's Souvenir.
Mr. Green—This magazine states
that many rare old spoonholders are
still hid away in musty garrets.
Mrs. Green—I don't doubt it, Henry.
The old hammock in which we court-
ed is still up in the garret.

A Little Touch.
Backer—How did the show go?
Manager—I went like a breeze.
Backer—I thought it would take
something like a draft or so to make
it go.

On a Rush Hour Car.
The Conductor—Why don't you
move forward there?
The Passenger—The motorman
won't let me.

HEROIC MEANS.

The little man wanted a pin to hold
his ripped sleeve together, but every
one that passed gave him a cold stare.
Presently a big individual with shoul-
ders like an ox and wrapped up in a
voluminous sweater stammered down
the street, and the little man accosted
him in desperation:
"For two pins," said the little man,
"I'd knock your block off."
The pugilistic-looking citizen was
dumfounded. When he recovered him-
self he found that he had been in the
waistband and handed them over.
"Now, come on, you little macker-
el!" he thundered. "Come on, as
knock its block off. Just try it!"
But the little man was already
goggling for the other side of the
street.
"I guess I'll let your block go this
time," he bantered, "but I had to have
the pins."

Playing Safe.

First Suburbanite—Come on, old
man. We'll just be in time to catch
the 5:30 train.
Second Suburbanite—Well, run
along; I'm not going home yet. I'm
going to have something to eat first.
First Suburbanite—Why, I thought
you always dined at home?
Second Suburbanite—I usually do,
but my wife got hold of a magazine
yesterday that tells how to get up a
dinner for five for 50 cents and she
told me she was going to try it today.

Goodby Benson.
"Benson was a good friend of mine
and I hated to lose him. He always
wore a cheerful smile and seemed in
the best of spirits. It will be hard to
find another fellow so genial, so full
of the joy of life."
"What's the matter? Has Benson
left town for good?"
"No."
"Surely he isn't dead?"
"No. He borrowed five dollars from
me this morning."

Toned Down.
"To hear him talk, you'd think he
owned the world."
"You mean when his wife isn't
around?"
"Yes."
"When his wife is close by, to hear
him talk you'd think he owned about
as much earth as the average angie-
worm."

THE HORRID THING.



Margaret—How did you enjoy your
dip in the ocean this morning with
Jack?
Nan—Not at all; he simply hugged
the shore!

Making Bad Matters Worse.
When questioned why
He still would drink;
He answered,
Am on the brink.

Her idea.
"Is she a girl of original ideas?"
"One."
"And what is that?"
"She thinks her fiancé has an ear
for music, and all the rest of the
world thinks he hasn't."
"Why?"
"Because he likes to hear her sing."

A Frazzle Flower.
"Yonder he goes with his attend-
ant and his physician. These ball
players have to be very careful, you
know."
"Is that fellow a ball player?" I
recognize him. He worked in a local
stoneyard all winter."

Outclassed.
The Pyramids—What did you think
of Roosevelt, now we've met him?
Shubins—Humph! Shows what these
mortals are! He's gained more fame
in the few years he's been talking
than I with all my centuries of wiss
silence.

Contrary.
"I dreamed last night that I pro-
posed to you and you accepted me."
"Dreams go by contraries, you
know."
"I know, and I am not going to pro-
pose and you are not going to accept
me."

What Everyone Knows.
"A New York woman tells that a
hearer to go to bed nights and let
the angels swing them to sleep." "How
absurd. There aren't enough angels
in New York to swing a baby to
sleep!"

A Snub.
He—I would marry the best
woman living if she wanted to vote.
She—You wouldn't marry her if she
didn't. She'd have a few reasons to
hand you herself.

JESUS DID IT.

Of all the cheeky and presumptuous acts to which the clergy stoop, that of declaring every progressive thought, invention, and discovery due to what they call Christian influence, is the boldest and most brazen. There is hardly a sermon preached but that they include this idea. That civilization and the present state of development are the direct result of the advent of Jesus into the world; and that every advancement which is yet to be made, will be due to the presence of his doctrines and his holy representatives among the children of men. They manage to fit every scientific fact to some saying of Jesus, although he was as ignorant of this department of learning as a cannon loader. He knew nothing at all of chemistry, of anatomy, of electricity, of mechanism, or of anything else practical and useful. He was a preacher of morals, more or less good or bad. Compare his system with that of Buddha or Confucius, and there is nothing left to his credit. Sum up his philosophy and general intelligence and compare it to that of Socrates or Aristotle, and the balance is in his discredit. Let the reader review the whole work of Jesus, and compare it with his own general information, and what man who reads this would exchange his knowledge of the world, of men, of philosophy, of invention, and discovery, for all that Jesus knew. Why, put Jesus to an examination of things useful and practical, and he would be a plaything in the hands of any bright school boy of two years. This man of doubtful existence and inferior learning and knowledge of men, is worshipped by his superiors in intelligence.

This is the result of the imposition practiced by the clergy upon the undeveloped and passive brain of childhood. Such a condition could not otherwise exist. The brain which is left free to develop and to draw its conclusions from its own observations and experiences, can never descend to such worship. It is unnatural that intelligence should reverence and worship inferiority and ignorance.

Blind worship and superstition have but one means of perpetuating themselves—and that is by their imprisonment of the most helpless and defenseless thing in the world—the trusting brain of the child. From the very beginning, children are taught to be afraid of everything, and that all to him owe. They grow to nature life firmly convinced that it is true. The brain is so totally deprived of the instinct of doubt that it is wholly incapable of the instinct to investigate. They grow to mature manhood believing every word of the pastor's sermon. They never dream of questioning any statement that he utters. If by their preacher says that all civilization depends upon the doctrines of Jesus, they accept the statement without thought or contradiction.

Observe how nearly every sermon is made up. The preacher takes up some biblical story, goes out among the works and accomplishments of human effort to illustrate it. He ransacks history and biography and travel and invention and science and modern discovery and applies all this to his text, and when he is through, he has everything that men now say and do attached and riveted to something Jesus said and did two thousand years ago. They credit to Jesus thoughts he never dreamed of. The fact of it is, they take their own best thoughts and put them into the mouth of Jesus.

No wonder that the world has blindly believed that Jesus was an intellectually great personage, when millions of men have studied and thought and given Jesus the credit of their efforts. Not satisfied with their own contributions, they also attempt the theft of the learning and discoveries of non-Christians and put these also into his mouth.

They go out into the world of literature, philosophy, invention, and discovery, and grab every good thing that mankind says and does of itself, and credit it all to Jesus. His Bible teaches that the flat is flat and four-cornered. A skeptic thought differently, and at the peril of his life so expressed himself, and eventually discovered it to be round. Jesus did it. Another skeptic discovered the telescope and proved the stars to be planets and great heavenly bodies instead of candles to light the earth at night—Jesus did it.

Another discovers and proves the law of gravitation—Jesus did it. Another demonstrates to the satisfaction of the scientific world the theory of nebular hypothesis—Jesus did it. Another demonstrates the speed of light and the distance of the stars—Jesus did it. Another gives geological proofs of the uniformity of cosmic forces and the antiquity of the globe—Jesus did it. Another discovers the principle of evolution by natural process—Jesus did it. Another discovered and proved that electricity and lightning are the same—Jesus did it. Others have applied electricity to man's use and comfort—Jesus did it. Another wrote the Declaration of Independence, and with a few other skeptics framed the principles of this government—Jesus did it. Another saved the country in its moment of greatest peril and freed the bondmen whom Christianity had enslaved—Jesus did it.

An Atheist, Deist, Agnostic, Jew or Skeptic of whatever class never did anything of himself. Why, bless your soul, JESUS did it!

THE CREED OF BURNS.

(One of his suppressed poems.)

To gull the mob and keep them under,
The ancients told their tales of wonder.
A pious fraud, a holy blunder,
A rainbow sign,
An earthquake or a blast of thunder,
Were held divine.

By those who've faith to swallow doses
A wondrous story nothing loses;
The dextrous feats ascribed to Moses
Are proofs as plain
O' sleight o' hand as Horman Boggs
Legerdemain.

Beware the stories of tradition,
Lest sense give way to superstition—
The royal magic competition,
O sacred fountain!
Which can a 'midge by faith's volition
Swell to a mountain.

A God o' mercy, just and good,
Holds forth as in an angry mood,
Drooning the world a' in a flood
To punish Hymen,
And turning water into blood
Just like a demon.

He mardered thousands in a trice,
Made Egypt swarm with frogs and lice,
Had he sent sheep, and cows, and rice,
His hungry hoard
Might ilk a' have got a slice,
And praised their Lord

Wi' hocus-pocus rod in hand,
Like Mother Goose's magic wand,
They could the elements command,
As legends run;
Divide the sea and burn the land,
Or stop the sun.

Their prodigies bombast, surmount
passes;
Like dykes the ocean stood in masses;
They'd flying prophets, speaking asses,
Beside a salty wife,
Their amorous Ghaists o'creame
the lasses

Who lived that life
Their Samson's strength lay in his hair,
Their jealous waters sterling were,
Showers of fire came through the air—
Like brimstone danders,
Saints lived in fire by virtue rare,
Like salamanders.

The Apostle Paul, by fancy's whim,
Soared up to heaven in a dream,
And Satan brought him back
'twould seem,
But how could 'ick to heaven climb,
Who's chained in hell?

This damned old wily serpent
Nick,
Was promised lang a mighty
He turned the chase, and played
the trick

Wi' God's first born;
He got him scourged, nailed to a stick,
And crooned w' thorn.

First search the subject through the piece,
'Tis fraught w' blunders such as these,

That reverend priests their flocks may fleece
Wi' weely conscience;
Teach humble beings by degrees
To swallow nonsense.

The sovereign leaders of each faction,
To set God's kingdom up at auction,
A lumpin' bargain;
Drive silly mortals to distraction
Wi' their damned jargon.

Ye moral truth shall gain the day,
Illumed by nature's glorious ray,
Anathemas shall fly away,
Wi' priests and diels;
Sound reason shall the scepter sway,
Hard at her heels.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

(By Quirin Baehler.)

Nature has punished Jesus Christ for insulting our Creator. The heaven of which Jesus preached was never found by him or any one else. Nature punishes the people while living through innumerable maladies or accidents. No dead man ever suffers. The soul without the body has no knowledge or pain. Teachers or preachers who make children say grace before meals insult our Creator.

It is not Nature's fault that so many people do not get what they need. It is the fault of false religion and their policies. The hospitals are full of such people. Animals do not insult our Creator because they were not taught false religion. If you want to learn something of the world or our Creator, read "Natureism."

Price 25 cents. Address, Chicago, Ill., 237 Madison St.

I REMEMBER.

(By A. B. White.)

I remember, I remember well
The little church of brown
Where in I've heard the preach-
ers tell
Of golden harp and crown,
That from God's hand we would receive

Upon the final day
If we would in his son believe
And his commands obey.

I remember, I remember well
That this thought came to me
When they would crate of sin
and hell
How wise these men must be
To know that God a few will save
And see the others fall
When he to each the life breath gave

And is the head of all.

I remember, I remember well
That soon there came a train
Of stronger thoughts to longer dwell
Within my doubting brain.
'Trough friends deserted on and on
I struggled to the light
Until I stood at reason's dawn
And watched the day grow bright.

I remember, I remember well
The battles that I had
The gloom and shadows to dispel,
Of stories taught a lad.
I've oft been told I am a fool
By Christians of my town
Because I go to reason's school
And shun their church of brown.

So let us place the torch of truth
Where it may shed its rays
To warn the minds of growing youth
Against superstitions ways
And soon we'll clear the trash
and rot
The crucifix tear down
And build a school on every spot
Where stands a church of brown.

A TRIP TO ROME
by
DR. J. B. WILSON.

The International Congress of Free-thinkers held the City of Rome, Italy, September 21, 1904. The author attended that Congress as the American delegate. It is an account of travel and personal experiences that has received in universal acclaim from press and people. In its religious doctrines and tales of priestly fiction are ruthlessly exposed while the general style is without comparison in American literature of travel.

Cloth bound, 360 pages, illustrated.

DOG FENNEL
IN THE ORIENT
by
Charles Chilton Moore.

When a young man the author had started out to walk through the Holy Lands on foot. Reaching Paris he gave up the journey and returned home. He made the trip by rail and boat about three years before his death. This book gives an account of what he saw and experienced in his journey through the East. It is especially suitable for a present.

Cloth bound, 350 pages, Postpaid \$1.25.

Address orders to
BLAKE GRASS BLADE,
Lexington, Ky.

THE LIMIT OF EARTHLY GLORY.

I wouldn't care what winds might blow,
I never feel the sting of woe,
Scourge in a dismal strain,
If Fortune had bestowed on me
The wall bestowed upon John D.

I'd never mind the bitter cold,
Nor care for fire or sun;
The world should never hear me scold,
No eider could make me sore,
If I possessed such power as is
The power that Adrich claims as his.

I'd never be at all depressed,
No matter what men thought of me,
And I should never be distressed
By any kind of malady
If I could be as wise, by gum!
As G. B. Shaw says he's become.

Kier, in Chicago Record-Herald.

HE WAS THINKING OF RECORD.

Miss Snow—Doan 'ya' ink it am fine too rambles about on a beautiful moonlight night?

Mr. Black—Well, I guess dat depends on wat yo's rambling for.

A Magazine Maid.
She's faultless and fair—
How can we but love her
And worship her there?
The girl on the cover.

The Glutton.
Daughter (in whisper)—I never felt so ashamed of pa in my life. He boasted in the diner that he had eaten a whole chicken, a two-inch steak and topped it off with a lobster and a welsh rarebit.

Mother—Gracious! And did the other diners make any comment?

Daughter—Yes, a drummer asked pa if he thought he was on the "Great Gorge route."

All That's Necessary.
"The girl who is to marry Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., is much better looking than he is."

"Oh, have you seen a portrait of her?"

"No, not yet."

"How do you do know?"

"I have seen a portrait of young Teddy."

Taking Him Up.
"Is this Mr. Jinx?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"I represent a life insurance company. Miss Pert asked me to call on you."

"Miss Pert? I don't understand?"

"She says that you told her last night you would die for her, and she wanted me to drop in and insure you."

A Sure Sign.
"There is one time when you may be sure people are fishing for scandal."

"What is that?"

"When they are talking with bated breath."

Don't It Now?
"The earth is too doomed to pass through the tail of Haley's comet on May 10."

"Doesn't that mean that the earth has been passing through tales of that comet for a year?"

OBEYING THE DOCTOR.

"She says that you told her last night you would die for her, and she wanted me to drop in and insure you."

How Singular.
A new 'best seller' is built upon a novel plan.
The heroine strolls out alone
And meets a man.

The Philosopher of Folly.
"Marriage is not always a failure," says the Philosopher of Folly. "But if you're careful to marry a rich girl, it's nearly as profitable."

Its Narrative.
"A comet presages wars, disasters and all kinds of misfortunes." "Then it's end is a tall of woe."

MATTER OF BUSINESS.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, as he stepped inside. "Is this Mr. Markham's office?"

"No," replied the man at the desk. "His office is on the floor above."

"Thank you," said the stranger as he went out, leaving the door open.

"Hey, there," yelled the other. "Come back and close that door. Haven't you any doors in your house?"

"Yes," answered the stranger, who had again stepped inside and closed the door, "but they all have springs on them. Allow me to show you my patent, double-lackation door spring. It closes the door without a bang and is warranted to last 99 years—if it doesn't you get your money back. The price is only 25 cents. Yes, seeing it you'll let you have five for one dollar. Thank you, sir. Good morning!"

Way to Choose.
A friend has let out a secret regarding the way in which some young women judge noses.

In a bus two girls were talking of what they read.

"Oh, I choose a novel easily enough," said one. "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and sady dropping over one or two lonely graves, I don't have it; but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know it's all right."

What It Proved to Him.
The announcer arose in the slight seating auto.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have just passed the Chinese quarter."

Old Uncle Weatherby nudged his wife.

"Ain't that fine, Mandy?" he chuckled. "I can't look nothing like as he seedled as when we first came and they'd surely tried to have passed that Chin see quarter on me."

A Curiosity.
"There is said to be a tree in Australia which, when touched, knocks the person touching it down."

"So?" ejaculated the scanty-haired bachelor at the pedal extremity of the mahogany. "It is certainly a species of borwoud."

BROTHERS.

"I wonder what's become of all those 99-pound women who used to throw big men over their shoulders by the aid of Ju-Jitsu?"

"Oh, the 99-pound women are still here, but the fellows who used to write those Ju-Jitsu stories for the newspapers have found other fields of prevarication."

Upside Down.
"I am shocked to learn that some of my ancestors wore wooden shoes," said the gilded youth.

"And I am shocked," replied his father, "to see some of their descendants reversing the order by being blockheads."

Emotional Capacity.
"Isn't it queer that so many people declare they go to the theater for amusement?"

"Why is it queer?"

"Because no matter when you go there, or what kind of a show it is, the audience is always in tears."

Had Picked Some, Too.
"See here," said the butcher to a delinquent customer. "I have a bone to pick with you."

"Don't mention it," rejoined the d. c. "I've picked so many of your bones at home that I've worn out three sets of teeth within a year."

A HOT ONE.

"I have noticed that these model housewives who keep their homes in applepie order are apt to be crusty."

A Prudish Person.
"I see where a musical comedy has a chorus of girls called 'The Runaway Crew.'"

"Just so."

"Judging from the clothes they don't wear they ought to run away and hide."

An Unusual Case.
"What broke off the match? Didn't the duke need the money?"

"He needed the money, but he refused to let her father use his coat of arms as a trade mark for a brand of axle grease."

A Medical Puzzle.
"There is one odd thing about shingles."

"What is that?"

"That they don't come in the roof of the mouth."

Decided For Him.
"Have you decided that you would not eat meat?"

"No, but I guess our butcher has decided that I won't. He wants me to pay my bill."

Will Never Know.
Seymour—it is better to be right than president.

Ashley—is it? How do you know? You've never been either, and never will be.

AT THE TELEPHONE.

Dear, from this distance far:
Try face I can not see;
But distance is no bar
To wit such as these and me;
So at the telephone
Contented I may be
To kiss the air alone
That lately has kissed thee.

(This sort of lighter line
That maddens all adores—
Shine to their hearts like wine
Its liquid measures oars—
All poets quickly pen,
And whether bad or worst,
We all know how since when
Old Herick did it frst?)

—Puck.

EVERYTHING READY.



Dairymen—Have you put the chemical eggs in the window?

Assistant—Yes, sir.

D—Have you dropped the embalming fluid in the milk?

A—Yes, sir.

D—Have you repainted the butter?

A—Yes, sir.

D—Then why don't you open the shop?

'Scuse, Please!

On Fletcheres
We're prone to brag,
But not the kind
Who cheer the rag.

Her Clever Motive.
"So you are going to housekeeping as soon as you're married? I thought you had made up your mind to board."

"Yes, but George is equally determined to have a house of our own."

"And so you are going to keep house in order to please George?"

"No, I'm going to keep house so that George will be glad to board."

Pastures New.
"I wonder what's become of all those 99-pound women who used to throw big men over their shoulders by the aid of Ju-Jitsu?"

"Oh, the 99-pound women are still here, but the fellows who used to write those Ju-Jitsu stories for the newspapers have found other fields of prevarication."

Upside Down.
"I am shocked to learn that some of my ancestors wore wooden shoes," said the gilded youth.

"And I am shocked," replied his father, "to see some of their descendants reversing the order by being blockheads."

Emotional Capacity.
"Isn't it queer that so many people declare they go to the theater for amusement?"

"Why is it queer?"

"Because no matter when you go there, or what kind of a show it is, the audience is always in tears."

Had Picked Some, Too.
"See here," said the butcher to a delinquent customer. "I have a bone to pick with you."

"Don't mention it," rejoined the d. c. "I've picked so many of your bones at home that I've worn out three sets of teeth within a year."

A HOT ONE.

"I have noticed that these model housewives who keep their homes in applepie order are apt to be crusty."

A Prudish Person.
"I see where a musical comedy has a chorus of girls called 'The Runaway Crew.'"

"Just so."

"Judging from the clothes they don't wear they ought to run away and hide."

An Unusual Case.
"What broke off the match? Didn't the duke need the money?"

"He needed the money, but he refused to let her father use his coat of arms as a trade mark for a brand of axle grease."

A Medical Puzzle.
"There is one odd thing about shingles."

"What is that?"

"That they don't come in the roof of the mouth."

Decided For Him.
"Have you decided that you would not eat meat?"

"No, but I guess our butcher has decided that I won't. He wants me to pay my bill."

Will Never Know.
Seymour—it is better to be right than president.

Ashley—is it? How do you know? You've never been either, and never will be.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON NEW THOUGHTERS.

(By Channing Severance.)

Having recently read a critique of "New Thoughters," my spirit control, Common Sense, impels me to offer a few remarks.

It is not to be denied that the new order of not at which is being expounded by Elizabeth Town, Henry Harrison Brown, William Walker Atkinson, and many others, is large in volume and constantly increasing; but that fact does not prove any value, or that their ideas in the practical affairs of the work will good results. For some reason, any thing presented in a new or novel way, never fails to find followers. It happens to be a case of superstition or high grade nonsense, in that species of New Thought which bestows upon mind omnipotent powers, when exercised alone and apart from our physical bodies, we see a brand of nonsense that was never excelled since the teachings of theology were established. When such extravagant claims are made and put forth about the power of thought, as these people indulge in, it is well to stop and ask what any of them have done in this practical world that is worth mentioning? Apart from selling their thoughts for money, I know of nothing any of them have done to develop industries and to produce real wealth. Not one of them deals in anything but theories and emotional gush; they are not head and hand workers, but head workers. They do nothing but think and express their thoughts, and they had to get into the labor market and work for their grub, clothes and shelter or take up any productive enterprise that requires mind and muscle, they would be total failures, and as useless as a new-born child. This fact was demonstrated out here not very long ago. There used to be a young woman in Chelsea, Mass., whose first name was Eva, and she wrote New Thought nonsense by the yard, telling others to get the secret of success in life: "How to fill empty pockets," and lots of other things. But when the big fire in Chelsea burned her out, and she migrated to Los Angeles, she got where the work was hard, and in very close circumstances. Why? Because she was nothing but a visionary, with a head full of fanciful theories; incapable of working, and—she could not sell her New Thought nonsense. She could not sit in a Morris chair and work Brown magic formula for getting dollars; neither can any of the others; and when there is no market for their thoughts, they are all bound to run short on dollars, and without them she is soon reduced to want in this cold and calculating world.

It was a mistake to class Elbert Hubbard with these people, for he does not belong with them. Hubbard never stops on the theories, he is a practical business man, and has established an industry that employs 500 people, where they make a good living with head and hand work. The genuine New Thoughters would starve to death as a farmer, a mechanic, or a real worker in any department of industry. But oh, how glibly they can write and tell others what to do to succeed.

Probably the most idiotic thing ever written about the theories of Brown was "Dollars Want Me," was Helen Wilman's "Conquest of Poverty," that vain, boastful, nonsensical combination of words. And right here is a good time to recall the fact that when she was denied the right to advertise and sell her thoughts through the mails, that moment her power to make money, to accumulate wealth that others had produced, ended.

Let us look at moment at Brown's fool theories and see what he affirms in "Dollars Want Me." The mind, being omnipotent, if one is hard up and in need of money, Brown tells us how to get it. Instead of hunting a job and earning dollars, he is to use these affirmations:

"Dollars love me! Dollars want me! I am ready to use dollars, and they freely come to me to be used." He also says: "Make no limit as to the amount. Claim abundance." But Brown don't always get his dollars that way. When he recently he was willing to receive a "silver offering" at the door of the hall he lectured in, and as some came in without doing up, he took them to task for it before giving his lecture. He declares that poverty is the main cause of the unrest that afflicts mankind,

and says if removed by right thinking, all attendant evils will disappear. Nothing said about working to remove poverty, but just think it away, and presto! 'tis gone! "Opulence is righteousness," he asserts, and if so, John D. Rockefeller must be so. Glory be! And such trash, such idiotic drivel, is New Thought! It would seem the limit it had been reached in human credulity when people buy this pamphlet and believe in it; but as far as I can see there is no limit, and fools will appear when the fakir gets busy and take in anything he offers as long as the race exists, I guess. And Elizabeth Town endorses this wonderful discovery of her co-workers!

New Thought is surely a fine graft, and the success that attends it confirms Barnum's opinion long ago expressed. When the farmer can think his seed into the ground and harvest it in the same way; when a mechanic can build a house with his mind alone; and dollars make themselves without human hands to produce the raw material or create the form, then will be time enough to take up New Thought seriously. Until then, let us laugh at the follies of mankind, as those who philosophize always have done.

Los Angeles, Calif.

CHRISTIAN SECRETS.

(Continued from Page One.)

the matter of mental exercise. When I look back at the enthusiasm that once possessed me in Christian work, I am filled with amazement at the simplicity of the ordinary human mind, and wonder that I ever got out of it. The experiences were anything but pleasant. All my relations and friends were Christians. My few acquaintances in the Free Thought movement were not of the school that appealed most to me. I was practically then in the cross benches, with few in local circles that I could look up to, and disciples were slow in adopting the (to them) new school, though it was even a history of Rationalism. There were a few local disciples of Bradlaugh, and though I have come to admire Bradlaugh's ability, integrity and service to humanity, I have never been a disciple of the particular school of thought in which he was such a prominent figure. I have never denied the existence of a power or powers superior to man, but I have come to the conclusion that worse guess than any of the pagan mythologies. I have long given up the search for the nature of God or gods or the origin of man. I agree with Comte that the origins and causes are absolutely inaccessible and search for them unmeaning. The attempt to trace man back to the polygamy is as little practical value from my point of view as the Eden story. The history of man since the dawn of history is much more interesting to me. My quarrel with the clergy is that they have dwarfed the minds of all those who came most directly under their influence by keeping them in ignorance of the history of the great races and nations of the world like the Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Chinese, Japanese and above all our own ancestors, who with all their faults and failings have always been as they are now a much superior people to the people whose dead ancestors were are asked to worship. The worship of ancestors may or may not be a very wise mental exercise but before we are asked to worship other people's ancestors in preference to our own it ought to be shown clearly that these other people's ancestors were superior to our own.

This very morning I got into an argument with an Irish Roman Catholic. I have known this man for about twenty years through all the changes that have come over me and we never quarrelled until this morning. This morning we did quarrel and the cause was very simple and instructive. I reminded him of the old theological theory that God became a poor man to teach man humility. He said "that was a beautiful doctrine." But then I said the pope and the archbishop of Canterbury and all the other wealthy Christians do not practice this theory. The only one in recent times that we have known to make an attempt at it is Goltson.

I would have no objection to the pope and the archbishop of Canterbury following the example of their lord and master.

Before asking other people to do it they should do it themselves.

At this all of a sudden he got abusive. This method of capturing their own artillery and firing it back at them is evidently the most effective we can use. But I have jumped from the subject of secrets. Large numbers of mankind are inveterate gamblers and emotionalists. I always detested gambling and suppose that trait in my character helped me to get rid of the Christian superstition. Then there is the weak-minded who can be influenced by strong or minds in any direction they choose. Lone living people as a rule do not become rationalists, Drunkards, sensualists and criminals of all sorts being a class of people with stronger passions than reason go from one extreme to another. What is more natural than for a man or woman whose life has been wasted by ungovernable passions to cling to straws when they get a reaction which emotionalists always get. Therefore Magdalen's drunkards and prize fighters make splendid material for revivalists. Something for nothing has always great attractions for such people. Christianity is the only system of religion that teaches that a man or woman can live a wicked life and die the death of the righteous. To punish some one else for their folly catches on to their imagination.

This is the most dangerous phase of the Christian superstition. Nature teaches that the visitation of the laws of nature always brings its own punishment. Christianity in all its branches teaches the punishment deserved by one person can be transferred to some one else.

Another cardinal evil of Christianity is the invention of sins which are contrary to nature. It is impossible to calculate the amount of mischief made in the world by the doctrine of the fall of man. Innocent good living people have been tormented by this infernal doctrine for a great part of their lives to an extent only known to people who like myself have been brought up among such people with every opportunity for observing the effect.

The amount of mischief that the bible has made in the highlands of Scotland since the Goidic translation has been circulated extensively over sixty years ago is appalling.

This constant drilling into their minds that they were all hell deserving through the fall has made a brave race in many respects moral cowards among strangers. It deprives them of their natural self confidence which often drives them to drink as the last resource.

I do not object so much to the teaching of hell to the wicked for in their case anything that might put a check on their evil careers might be excusable for prophetic reasons, but that infernal doctrine that good and bad alike are all equally damned unless they believe in Jesus is a doctrine that all humanitarians and all rationalists of every shade of opinion should certainly oppose.

NORMAN MURRAY.
Montreal, Canada

AN APPEAL

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We, the undersigned, address you in the interest of humanity, and in commemoration of the heroes and heroines who have died for human liberty.

We believe that such a cause will strongly appeal to you. We are members of the Indiana Rationalist Association, The Buckeye Secular Union, The American Secular Union, The Rational Association of America, the Independent Religious Society of Chicago, and the Paine Historical Society; and are subscribers to all the leading Free Thought papers in America. We urge each one of you to unite at once with one or more Free Thought societies, and to subscribe for one or more Free Thought papers. We are perfectly sure if you do so that future generations will sing your praises and call you blessed. You will also have the proud satisfaction of seeing the stainless flag ramparts of the motley hosts of superstition waving upon the dismantled ramparts of the motley hosts of superstition.

We make this appeal in full confidence that you will help with your time and your money in the holy warfare of science against the priests of Jehovah. King, tyrants, popes and priests in all ages of the world, preying the benefits and power which came from organization.

If gods and devils and priests, the evil enemies of the race, are ever overthrown, it must be done by organized Rationalism. There is no example in the whole history of the world where an organized priesthood ever relaxed its death grip from the throat of liberty. The Ethiopian could change his skin and the leopard his spots as easily as a Pope or a priest could become a lover of humanity and freedom.

We therefore beseech all Rationalists—every one of you—to get together in a compact organization, and help to inaugurate a reign of reason in the Republic bequeathed to us by Jefferson.

The vile old strumpet of orthodox religion sits in the palaces and parlors of the world, and compels mankind to do her bidding and to pay her homage. By the perfect organization of her ignorant dupes, she compels our politicians and our so-called statesmen to beg her panderers, procurers and tools for her infamous uses. This vile old hag intrudes herself at every birth, and at every death, at every marriage, and in our schools with her dismal crooning; and would if unrestrained do as she has done in other lands where unrestrained and opposed. She would make of our own fair Columbia a despotism like that of Russia or Spain. The Free Thinkers actually outnumber the forces of superstition fully two to one, and if we were but organized we could easily rid our land of priestly rule and tyranny. Ladies and gentlemen, let us organize and get busy.

DR. T. J. BOWLES,

Pres. Indiana Rationalist Association.

WM. V. BUCK,

SCHUYLER LA TOURETTE,

JOHN C. BECK,

JOHN H. PRINCE,

Officials Ind. R. A.

I heartily second the strong letter of Dr. Bowles. It sometimes seems that we have about all the religious and personal freedom we are entitled to, considering how little we have done and are doing to secure it. Compare our own slothful indifference with the cash

enthusiasm of the organized forces of superstition. The Catholics of Indianapolis recently raised a pile of money for a "nobody knows what" fund. In less than a week the Presbyterians of the same city raised \$15,000 for a new church building. There are now 175 churches in the city. A young Catholic tells me he makes \$400 a year soliciting subscriptions for a Catholic newspaper. There are scores of prosperous Catholic and Protestant papers, supported by public patronage and by endorsement simply because they are religious papers.

It is human nature that we acquire love for a cause by working and sacrificing for it. As lovers of mental liberty, let us wake up, and get in the fight. If there is a Free Thought society near let us join it. If none, let us organize one. Three energetic Free Thinkers in a township means that soon there will be twenty. I know for I've tried it.

Did you ever hear of a wealthy Free Thought editor? It is a constant wonder how some of our excellent and brave papers exist, the way they are neglected by some of their admiring friends, who hugly enjoy the contents, but never help to pay the heavy expenses. The circulation is necessarily limited, and the papers are boycotted by all the orthodox advertisers. I support them to the best of my limited ability, and would rather let my taxes go delinquent than to lapse my subscription to any of them. Within the past year I have given over \$50.00 of my slender means to the cause of Rationalism, and honestly I never enjoyed anything else quite as well. I shall bequeath a goodly lump of life insurance when I go home. The suggestion of the good Dr. Bowles is fine. What can I do to help? I will contribute to the general cause only—not to any individual.

Fraternally,

D. W. SANDERS.

TWO GREAT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

A world-wide movement to make them known and perpetuated. For particulars, send a self-addressed envelope to the President of the Church of Humanity, W. H. KERR, Great Bend, Kansas, U. S. A.

BILL'S AVENUE makes you cheerful and thoughtful. It is a personal department in the WHEEL OF LIFE that grows on you. You find yourself waiting with interest for what "Bill" has to say next.

"AN AMERICAN MADONNA" is a personal romance in the WHEEL OF LIFE. It is written by Mary Ives Todd, the best writer of labeled fiction since Grant Allen, and is a beautiful presentation of the essentially modern problem of the Woman in Business.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE. A monthly periodical. It deals with ORIGINALS, the origin of Marriage, of Religion, of Brotherhood, of the belief in Immortality. It treats of Love, of Human Instincts and Ideals. It takes "the whole Wheel of Life," treating all subjects in such a clear, plain and spicy way that the dust is shaken out and they become as interesting as a novel to even the casual reader. Send \$1.00 for a six month trial subscription or a quarter for a year.

"CONFESSIONS OF A DRONE" by Joseph Haddi Patterson, author of "A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE WHEEL OF LIFE." Address: LIFE PUB. CO., Desk A, St. Louis, Mo.

\$10.00 BOOK for \$1.00

E. HAECKEL'S
405 Illustrations.
EVOLUTION OF MAN
51,000 Sold.
100 NET-POSTAGE 20

Will mail on receipt of \$1.00.
BLUE GRASS BLADE, Publishers,
Box 290, Lexington, Ky.

If you want to be of service to the cause you espouse, and at the same time help some of your friends, you can have The Blade sent to ten of them one year for Five Dollars